

SCHUMANN-HEINK'S DAUGHTER AT LEAST ONE INTERESTING MARRIED LETTER COMES TO LIGHT



Marie Theresa Schumann, 18-year-old daughter of Mma. Schumann-Heink, the famous diva, who became the wife of Joseph Hubert Guy, a rancher, recently.

PEAS AND NEW CARROTS

Shell peas and put over in boiling water. When they have been boiling 10 minutes add 1 cup of sliced carrots for each 2 cups of peas used and cook until both are tender. Turn off nearly all the water and add 1 cup of top milk, 1 tablespoon of butter and an even teaspoon of sugar. Salt to taste, heat up and serve.

Perhaps the most appreciated way of cooking peas is to boil in water in which there is a little sugar and just before they are tender add a little salt. Use as little water as possible and when ready to serve add 1 tablespoon of butter and 2 of cream for each pint of shelled peas used.

London, July 17.—Desire to avoid publicity that might be given a correspondence of many years is said to have led to the settlement made yesterday out of court by executors of the estate of the late J. P. Morgan of the claim of the Countess de Bechevet-Beauregard for \$30,000. It is understood the executors agreed to return the vase, pedestal and picture for the sale of which to Morgan the countess demanded \$30,000 and are to pay her \$5,000 and defray all her legal costs.

The countess, who has kept copies of all her letters to the late financier, intending to present them to him bound at some time, says Morgan conducted his correspondence with her through the medium of the newspapers, as it was against his principle to write letters. One of the letters written by the countess reads:

"Friend Beloved—A woman of any worth would only love one of whom she had a right to be proud, and so at this moment I permit my heart to give way quite freely to passion, and do not subject it to the horrors of deprivation under the pretext of being strong-minded. It is in confidence that it flies to you. You may say what you think of it, but you will not destroy, I am sure, that possession to be admired. And though this affection must be, for me, a little strange, I ask of the destinies that they may surround it with all felicity, which will be to me the poetry of happiness.

Hoping to see you again very soon, desired friend, and as one must always belong to some one, I am with joy yours.—Comtesse Diane."

An airman in the war zone tells how, when traveling at terrific speed and 7,000 feet in the air, he heard what he took for a fly buzzing around his head. He put out his hand and picked out of the atmosphere—a bullet.